

LITERARY EXAMINER.

From the Opal for 1819.
The Thought-Anchor.
A WAKING AND SLEEPING DREAM.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

(WRITTEN TO ILLUSTRATE A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, BY
ROTHERMEL, OF A RECORDING ANGEL ACCORD-
ING TO THE THOUGHT-ANCHOR.)

Night is the sick man's day,
For the soul awakes as the body falls;
I had told weary hours; but, with the hush
Of midnight, my last memory of pain
Had still before me a Thought of sudden bright-
ness.

And, like one rising upon spirit limbs,
How I, and wandered with the thought away!
Oh! the blest trances that we are, when Sense,
The Master, is too weak to call us in,
And, loosed, as if the school-time of life
Were over, with its spirit-checking tolls,
We to the fields stray—following where'er
Fancy, the vagrant, calls us!

All unshod
Went by the hours, that with such heavy heel
Came last in the slow vigils of the strong,
And the dawn broke. Called in from spirit
straying.

I knew again that I was weak and ill,
Beginning on another day of pain;
But, with a blessing on my Thought—(whose
track,

Far thro' a wilderness untrod before,
It seemed that I might tell of with a pen
Winged with illuminated words)—I slept.
And presently I dreamed. In conscious sleep,
I knew that what I saw was but a dream.
The curtains of my bed, I knew, the while,
Tented me round; and on a couch beyond
Lay a loved watcher by a dimming lamp;
And I remembered her—and where I lay—
And that the hour was morning—yet I saw
As if my dim room were dissolved in air,
The vision I shall paint you.

Let my Thought!
The Thought that I had followed first at wak-
ing.

And, of whose sweet revelations unto me,
I longed in glowing words to tell the world—
That Thought I saw—clad in a breathing shape,
And like a sylph upon an errand sped,
Prose for an arrowy flight, and through the air
Clearing its way resound. The clift wind,
Revealingly, to that symmetric thought
Pleaded its transparent dress; and beautiful,
Oh, beautiful are the shapes divine
Which woman's form makes possible to dream:
Lay its impulsive outline on the air,
I kindled with the pride that it was mine,
The glory of its beauty—of my soul
The easy effluence moulded with a breath,
And given a rich glow—idly to the world!
And curiously I sped it on its way—
But—turned to look on it once more.

A cloud now lay black between its wings,
Drawn by its motion onward—a small cloud
That, from the night-enveloped world below,
Seemed lighted by the half-arisen moon.
I saw it, not as one upon the earth,
But as they see from Heaven. And, as again,
I watched that Thought—(irrevocably sped,
Without a fear that it might turn to ill,
Without a prayer that it might blend in fleec-
ing—

Behold, all calmly with it, on the cloud,
Rode a winged angel with an open book;
And of the hearts it moved—and of the dreams,
Fancies and hopes it called on as it flew—
Of all it gave a voice to, that had else
Slumbered unuttered in the Thought-ruled
world—
That angel kept a record.

"Thou, hereafter,"
Said a voice near me, "shall that record bear:
For, in thy using of that gift of power,
SPEAKING WHAT THOUGHT THOU WILT ACROSS THE
WORLD,
Thou speakest with the pervading voice of God,
And, as thy way of the world's heart, will be
Thy reckoning with thy Maker. Human
Thought!

Oh, poet! lightly may that wondrous wings
Thy careless link binds words to travel far.
But oh, take heed—for see—by dream-reveal-
ing—
How Thoughts of power with angels go attend-
ed—
Outflying never the calm pen that writes
Their history for Heaven!"

The sun shone in
Upon my wind-stirred curtains, and I woke,
And this had been a dream. "Thou sometimes so
We dream ourselves what we have striven to be,
And hear what had been well for us to hear,
Did our dreams shadow what we are."

Legends of the Revolution.

THE YOUTH OF WASHINGTON.

It is not the most difficult thing in
the world to write the history of a battle.
The tramp of legions, the crash of contending
foemen, the waving of banners—arms glit-
tering here, and the cold faces of the dead,
glowing yonder, in the battle flash—these
from a picture that strikes the heart at once,
and makes its mark forever.

But who can write the history of a soul?
Who can tell how the germ of heroism,
the idea of greatness, first swells in the mind
of the boy, and slowly ripens into full life?

We have seen Washington the President.
We have known Washington the General.
Shall we look into the soul of Washington
the boy? Shall we behold the almost im-
perceptible gradations which marked the
progress of that soul into manhood? Shall
we witness the silent, gradual, ceaseless ed-
ucation of that soul?

How was Washington educated? Did he
lounge away five years of his life with-
in the walls of a college, occupied in re-
moving the shrouds from the mummies of
Classic Literature, busy in familiarizing his
mind with the elaborate pollutions of Gre-
cian mythology, or in analysing the hollow
philosophies of the academy and portico?

No. His education was on a broader,
vaster scale. At seventeen, he leaves the
common school, where he had received the
plain rudiments of an English education,
and with a knapsack strapped to his should-
ers, surveys instruments in his hand, he
goes forth, a pilgrim among the mountains.
Where there is blue sky, where the tun-
nious river hews its way through colossal
cliffs, where the great peaks of the Alle-
ghanies rise like immense altars into the
heavens—such were the scenes in which the
soul of Washington was educated.

He went forth a wanderer into the wilder-
ness. At night he stretched his limbs in
the depths of the forest, or rose to look up-
on the stars, as they shone in upon the aw-
ful night of the wilderness, or sat down
with the red men by their council fire, and
learned from this strange race the traditions
of the lost nations of America.

Three years of his life glide away while
he sojourns among the scenes of nature's
grandeur. Those three years form his
character, and shape his soul. Glances of
the future come upon him like those blus-
hes of radiance in the day-break sky, which
announce the rising of the sun.

Shall we learn the manner of his com-
munion with nature and with God?

We know it is beneath the dignity of
history to look even for an instant into the
heart. We know that vague generalities,
misty outlines, compact and well-proportioned
fables, sprinkled with a dash of
what is called philosophy—too often con-
stitute the object and the manner of history.

Shall we depart a little while from the
respectable regularities of history, which too
often resemble the regular tactics of
Braddock, on his fatal field, and call tradi-
tion and legend to our aid? Tradition and
legend, which, in their vivid but irregular
details, remind us forcibly of the crude style
of battle which young Washington so fruit-
lessly commended to the notice of the regu-
lar general, on the battle day of Monon-
gahela?

Learn, then, the manner of young Wash-
ington's communion with nature and with
God; but first learn and know by heart
the scenes in which his boyhood passed
away.

Over a tumultuous torrent, high in the
upper air, there hangs a bridge of rock,
fashioned by the hand of Nature, with the
peaks of granite mountains for its horizon.
Two hundred feet above the foaming waves
you behold this arch, which, in its very
raggedness, looks graceful as a floating
scarf. Over the wave, looking through the
arch, you catch a vision of colossal cliffs,
with a glimpse of smiling sky. Advanced to
the parapet of this bridge—clinging to the
shutts that grow there—look below! Your
heart grows sick—your brain reels.

Stand in the shadow of the arch, and
look above. How beautiful! While the
torrent sparkles at your feet, yonder, in the
very Heaven, the Arch of Rock fills your
eye, and spans the abyss, with giant trees
upon its brow.

To the Natural Bridge, Washington, the
young pilgrim, came. He stood by the
waves at sunset—he drank in the rugged
sublimity of the scene. And when the
morning came, with an unflinching step,
and hand that never shook, not for an in-
stant, with one pulse of fear, he climbed
the awful height—he wrote his name upon
the rock—he stood upon the summit, be-
neath the tall pine, and saw the march of
day among the mountains.

Who shall picture his emotions in that
hour?

As his unflinching hand traced the name
upon the rock, did he dream of the day
when that name should be stamped upon
the history of the country, and witness not
in stone, but in the throbs of living hearts?

As he stood upon the arch, and saw the
torrent sparkle dimly far below, while the
kiss of light was glittering over the moun-
tain tops, did no vision of the battle-field,
no shadowy presentiment of glory, gleam
awfully before his flashing eyes?

Again: another scene of Washington's
education:

There is a river which sparkles beau-
tifully among its leafy banks—glides on as
smoothly as the dream of sinless slumber;
but even as you gaze upon its glassy waves,
it rushes from your sight. It glides over a
bed of rocks, and then through a yawning
abyss sinks with one sudden plunge into the
bosom of the earth. On one side you be-
hold its smooth waters; at your feet the
abyss; and yonder an undulating meadow.
Yes, here should be the course of the river,
you behold slopes of grass and flowers.

It is simply called the Lost River.

It fills you with inexplicable emotions to
see this beautiful stream, now flashing in
the sunlight; now, ere you can count one,
lost in a dismal cavern, with flowers growing
upon its grave.

Here, Washington, the young pilgrim,
wandered oftentimes, and gazed with a full
heart upon the mysterious river.

"Shall my life be like that river? Glid-
ing smoothly on—shining in sunlight, only
to plunge, without a moment's warning, in-
to night and eternity?"

Did no thought like this cross the young
pilgrim's soul? In that wondrous river he
beheld a symbol of a brave life, suddenly
plunged in darkness. Or, it may be, of a
great heart, hurled into obscurity, only to
rise more beautiful and strong, after the night
was over and the darkness gone. For after
three miles of darkness the Lost River
comes sparkling into light again, singing
for very gladness, as it rushes from the cavern
into the open air.

Amid scenes like this the youth of Wash-
ington was passed. He grew to manhood
amid the glorious images of unpolluted na-
ture. Now, pausing near the mountain top,
he saw the valleys of Virginia fade far
away, in one long smile of verdure and sun-
shine, with the Potomac, like a silver thread,
in the distance.

Now battling for life, amid hunger, snow,
and savage foes, he makes his bed in the
hollow of a rock, or sets his destiny adrift
amid the waves and ice of a wintry river.

There is the picture in the life of Wash-
ington, the Boy, which has ever impressed
my soul.

It is not so much that picture of young
Washington seated at the feet of his widowed
mother, gazing into her pale face, drink-
ing the fathomless affection of her mild eyes
and for her sake renouncing the glittering
prospect of an ocean life and laurels gath-
ered from its gory waves.

This picture, in its simplicity, is very
beautiful. But it is another picture which
enchants me. Behold it.

By the side of a lonely stream, in the
depth of a green woodland, sits a boy of
fourteen—shut out from all the world, alone
with his heart—his finger laid upon an
opened volume, while his large gray eyes
gaze vacantly into the deep waters.

And that volume is the old Family Bible,
marked with the name of its ancestor, John
Washington; and from its large letters look
forth the Prophets of Israel and from its
pages, printed in antique style, the face of
Jesus smiles in upon the soul of the dream-
ing boy.

Washington, the Boy, alone with the old
Bible, which his ancestor, a wanderer and
exile, brought from the English shore; alone
with the Prophets and the warriors of long
distant ages; shut in from the world by the
awful forms of revelation; now wandering
with the Patriarchs, under the shade of
palms, among the white flocks—now linger-
ing by Samaria's well, while the Divine
voice melts in accents of unutterable music
upon the stillness of noonday.

Let us for a few moments survey the va-
rious epochs of the youth of Washington.

At the age of ten years he is left an or-
phan; from the hour of his father's death, he
is educated by his widowed mother.

At the age of fourteen a midshipman's
warrant is offered to him—with a brilliant
prospect of naval glory in the distance. He
accepts the warrant—his destiny seems
trebling in the balance—when his mother,
who already saw a nobler theatre open
before her boy, induces him to surrender the
idea of an ocean life.

He is seventeen when he takes up the in-
struments of the surveyor's craft, and cross-
ing the Alleghenies, beholds for the first time,
the customs of the Indian people.

Three years pass, and he is a pilgrim
amid the forms of external nature.

We behold him on the ocean, amid the
terror of its storms, and very near the doom
of its shipwrecks. His heart pillows the
head of a dying brother; he accompanies
Laurence Washington on a voyage to Bar-
badoes, and is absent on the ocean, and on
the shores of the strange land, from the fall
of 1751 until the spring of 1752.

When Laurence dies, his young brother,
George Washington, a youth of twenty
years, is appointed executor of his immense
estates.

At the age of twenty-one, he is designat-
ed by the Governor of Virginia as a Com-
missioner to treat with the hostile French
and their Indian Allies, who threaten our

Western borders. In the pursuit of the ob-
ject of this mission, he journeys 560 miles
into the trackless wilderness.

He is twenty-two when he mingles in
battle; his sword is unsheathed July 3d,
1754, at the fight of the Great Meadows.

And at the age of twenty-three, July 9th,
1755, he shares in the danger of Braddock's
field, and saves the wreck of the defeated
army.

The great epochs of the youth of Wash-
ington are written in the preceding para-
graphs. A wonderful youth, indeed! From
the common school-house into the untrod-
den wilderness; from the couch of a dying
brother, into the terror of battle, Washing-
ton had already lived a life, before he was
twenty-three years old.

Let us, my friends, write the unwritten
history of Washington. Not the dim out-
line which history sketches, but a picture of
the man—with color, shape, life, and voice.
Yes, life, for as we go on, among the shrines
of the past, the dead will live with us, and
voice too, for as we question the ghosts of
other days, they will answer us, although
the shadows of a hundred years brood over
their graves.

And ere we hasten forth upon our journey
let us for a moment compare the youth of
Washington with the boyhood of Arnold.

Washington, nourished by the counsels
of a mother, surrounded by powerful friends,
and with many a kind hand for his brow
when it was stricken with fever, many a
kind voice for his heart when it was heavy
with sorrow.

Arnold, a friendless boy, left by an im-
temperate father to the world, guided, it is
true, by a kind mother, but a mother who
saw all the clouds of misfortune lowering
upon her path, and felt the heaviest blows
of misery upon her breast.

A contrast of terrible meaning!

Washington learns from his mother to
bear all, to suffer all, and to hold on,
through calm and storm, to the right.

Washington becomes the man of a world.

Woman.

It is pleasing to contemplate the theme
of female excellence. The heart of man
warms with emotion as he hears of the no-
ble deeds of woman—as he views her quiet
goodness—us he marks her conjugal devo-
tion, her firmness of principle, the thousand
little tendernesses clinging around her
heart, animating her to please by all the
winning graces and attractions that can fix
affection; nor relaxing after marriage in the
cultivation of those powers which first com-
manded admiration because she has secured
her victory. He loves and admires her
when thus true to the amiable impulses of
her nature. But if captivated in the fresh-
ness and poetry of her early feelings, when
the fragrance of her own spirit falls on ev-
erything like dew, how much higher does
she erect herself in his esteem, when the
hour of trial comes, when adversity over-
takes those she loves, and the appeal to her
sympathies is the strongest that can be
made, because it comes through the channel
of her affections. Then see what a power
of endurance she exhibits, what fortitude,
what energy. Qualities which, amid the
sunshine of prosperity, lay latent and un-
perceived, for want of occasion to call them
forth, now appear to view with the hope-
reviving influences which we may suppose
a near and friendly beacon would have up-
on the sinking heart of the shipwrecked
mariner. Difficulties which crush the laugh-
ing spirit of man, and subdue his strength to
the weakness of a child, are met by her
with a courage that seems to increase pro-
portionally to its demand. With a self-
sustaining energy, she counteracts the im-
pression of grief in her own heart, and
rouses by her love and constancy, she turns
to her partner, now dearer than ever, from
the touch of misfortune, to console, to in-
vigorize, to assist. Shedding a benign in-
fluence upon his existence, which causes
him to feel, amid all his misery, that happi-
ness still remains for him while blessed with
the affection of such a friend and minis-
trant, that labor, however rude, cannot de-
grade him while he is encouraged by the
esteem of a heart so noble and so true.

The African Rhinoceros.

The black Rhinoceros, whose domains
we seem now to have invaded, resembles
in general appearance an immense hog;
twelve feet and a half long, six feet and a
half high, eight feet and a half, and of the
weight of half a dozen bul-
locks; its body smooth, and there is no hair
seen except at the tips of the ears, and the
extremity of the tail. The horns of con-
creted hair, the foremost curved like a sabre,
and the second resembling a flattened cone,
stand on the nose and above the eyes; in
the young animals the foremost horn is the
equal length, namely, a foot and a half or
more; though the older the rhinoceros the
shorter are its horns, as they wear them by
sharpening them against the trees, and by
rooting up the ground with them when in a
passion. When the rhinoceros is quietly
pursuing his way through his favorite glades
of mimosa bushes (which his hooked upper
lip enables him readily to seize), his horns
flexed loosely in his skin, make a clapping
noise by striking one against the other; but
on the approach of danger, if his quick ear
or keen scent make him aware of the vic-
inity of a hunter, the head is quickly raised,
and the horns stand stiff and ready for
combat on his terrible front. The rhinoceros
is often accompanied by a sentinel to
give him warning; a beautiful green backed,
and blue-winged bird, about the size of a
jay, which sits on one of its horns.—Alex-
ander's Expedition.

Striking Reflection.

Some things, it is true, are more promi-
nent, and lead to more serious consequences
than others, so as to excite a greater share
of attraction and applause. Public char-
acters, authors, warriors, statesmen, &c.,
nearly monopolize public consideration in
this way, and we are apt to judge of their
merit by the noise they make in the world.
Yet none of these classes would be willing
to make the rule absolute; for a favorite
player gains as much applause as any of
them. A poet stands a poor chance either
of popularity with the vulgar, or influence
with the great, against a fashionable opera
dancer or singer. Reputation or notoriety
is not the stamp of merit. Certain profes-
sions, like certain stamens, bring it into
greater notice, but have perhaps no more to
do with it than birth or fortune. Opportu-
nity sometimes indeed, "throws a cruel sun-
shine on a fool." I have known several
celebrated men, and some of them have
been persons of the weakest capacity, yet
accident had lifted them into general notice,
and probably will hand their memories
down to posterity. There are names writ-
ten in her immortal scroll, at which Fame
blushes!—Hazlitt's Characteristics.

Quarrels leave scars which cannot be so
well closed to the sight, but they will lie
open to the memory.

Franklin in the Social Circle.
BY WILLIAM WIRT.

Never had I known such a friendly com-
panion as he was, both as a statesman and a
philosopher; he never shone in a light
more winning, than when he was seen in the
domestic circle. It was once my good
fortune to pass two or three weeks with
him at the house of a gentleman in Penn-
sylvania, and we were confined to the house
during the whole of that time, by the un-
expected constancy and depth of the win-
nows. But confinement could not be felt
where Dr. Franklin was an inmate. His
cheerfulness and his colloquial powers
spread around him a perpetual spring. Of
Franklin no one ever became tired. There
was no ambition of eloquence, no effort to
shine in anything which came from him.
There was nothing which made any de-
mand either upon your allegiance or your
admiration.

His manner was just as unaffected as in-
fancy. It was Nature's spell. He talked
like an old patriarch, and his plainness
and simplicity put you at once at your
ease, and gave you the full and free pos-
sion and use of all your faculties.

His thoughts were of a character to shine
by their own light, without any adventi-
tious aid. They required only a medium
of vision, like his pure and simple style,
to exhibit to the highest advantage, their
native radiance and beauty. His cheer-
fulness was unremitting. It seemed to be
as much the systematic and salutary exer-
cise of the mind, as of his superior organi-
zation. His wit was of the first order. It
did not show itself merely in occasional
concoctions, but without any effort
force on his part, it issued a constant stream
of the purest light over the whole of his
discourse. Whether in the company of
commons or nobles, he was always the
same plain man; always most perfectly at
his ease, his faculties in full play, and the
full orbit of his genius for ever clear and
unclouded. And then the stores of his
mind were inexhaustible. He had com-
menced life with an attention so vigilant,
that nothing had escaped his observation,
and every incident was turned to advantage.
His youth had not been wasted in idleness,
nor overcast by intemperance. He had
been all his life a close and deep reader,
as well powers, had wrought up the raw ma-
terials, which he had gathered from books,
with such exquisite skill and felicity, that
he had added a hundred fold to their
original value, and justly made them his
own.

A Good Daughter.

A good daughter. There are other min-
isters of love more conspicuous than her,
but none in which a gentler, lovelier, spirit
dwells, and none in which the heart's warm
requisits more joyfully respond. There is
no such thing as a comparative estimate of
a parent's love for one or another child—
There is little which he needs to covet, to
whom the treasure of a good child has been
given. But a son's occupations and plea-
sures carry him abroad, and he resides more
among temptations, which hardly permit
affection that is following him, perhaps,
over half the globe, to be unmingled with
anxiety, until the time when he comes to
relinquish his father's roof for one of his
own, while a good daughter is the steady
light of her parent's house.

Her ideal is indissolubly connected with
that of his happy fireside. She is his morn-
ing sunlight and his evening star. The
grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex
helps her place in the mighty way which
she holds over his spirit. The lessons of
recorded wisdom which he reads with her
eyes, come to his mind with a new charm
as blended with the beloved melody of her
voice. He scarcely knows weariness
which her song does not make him forget,
or gloom which is proof against the young
brightness of her smile. She is the pride
and ornament of his hospitality, the gentle
nurse of his sickness, and the constant
agent in those numberless, numberless acts of
kindness which one chiefly cares to have
rendered, because they are unpretending
but expressive proofs of love.

Scandal.

A disposition to scandal is a compound
of malignity and simulation. It never ur-
ges an opinion with the bold consciousness
of truth, but deals in a monotonous jargon
of half sentences, conveying its ambiguities
by emphasis. Its propagators lay a mighty
stress upon the "may be's," and "I'll say
no more," "let us hope not," "they do say,"
and "time will show," thus confirming the
evil they affect to deplore, more under the
semblance of pity and prudential caution,
than they possibly could in any shape, short
of demonstration. Observe the greatest re-
serve with persons of this description; they
are the hyenas of society, being perpetually
prowling over the reputation, which is their
prey, lamenting, and at the same time en-
joying the ruin they create.

Origin of "True Blue."

Everybody has heard and made use of
the phrase "true blue;" but everybody does
not know that its first assumption was by
the Covenanters, in opposition to the scar-
let badge of Charles I.; and henceforth
taken by the troops of Leslie and Mon-
rose, in 1653. The adoption of the color
was one of those religious pedantries in
which the Covenanters affected a pharisa-
cal observance of the Scriptural letter, and
the usages of the Hebrews; and thus, as
they named their children Jemima and Ze-
rubabel, and their chapels, Zion and Ebe-
nezer, they decorated their persons with blue
ribbons, because the following sumptuary
precept was given in the law of Moses:
"Speak to the children of Israel, and tell
them to make to themselves fringes on the
borders of their garments putting in the
ribbons of blue," Numb. xv., 38.—Scotch
Reformers' Gazette.

Memory's Music.

Wandering heart! ah, wherefore grieve me
With the memory of the past?
Phantom dreams! leave, O leave me!
Sleep in shadows or 'ere cast.

Nature's dying echo lingers,
O'er affection's broken strings;
Music with her dulcet fingers,
Made with her past and mings.

Clerical voices in thy numbers
O'er thy yearning bosom sweep;
Memory hears them in her slumbers,
Sighing, wakes again to weep.

Then the heart will weep, and wander
Where affection's ashes rest;
Press upon the soul the fonder
Tearful thoughts that chill her breast.

As the light of day when fading
Brightest glows through twilight tears,
Time and change in silence shading,
Absent ones the more endears.

Summer leaves around us dying
Fade away in winter snows;
Autumn winds around us sighing,
Weep amid forsaken boughs.

Stars of Love, around us shining
In their radiance fade away;
Sun! that speaks of no declining,
Bring the never-setting day.

Life is shortened by indulgence in anger,
ill-will, anxiety, envy, grief, sorrow, and
excessive care. The vital powers are
wasted by excessive bodily exercise, in some
cases, and want of a due portion in others.

It is told of an old Scotch laird that he
had acquired the habit of walking in an
odd shuffling manner from an excess of
politeness while residing at a foreign court,
where the reigning prince had the misfor-
tune to be somewhat stiff in the ankle-
joints. There was nothing very remarka-
ble in this trait of complaisance, for the
spirit of imitation in dress, language, and
customs of all kinds is of so universally
prevailing an influence, that right or wrong,
it dictates an unhesitatingly followed. One
therefore, should not laugh too hard at the
old laird's affected lameness. We are
all less or more followers, from imitation
and habit, of usages, which common sense
has some difficulty in justifying.

Of all the despots, Fashion is the most
despotic; and yet the thing is entirely vol-
untary. There is, however, the terror of
appearing to act differently from what seems
to be a legitimately erected standard. No
inquiry is employed as to the correctness of
the taste which has suggested any distinct
change in fashion. No matter even that
accident has been the cause of the altera-
tion; for, as in a state of panic, what all
hasten to do cannot possibly be wrong. In
the modern lady-world, this panic of fash-
ion is observed to work as marvellous trans-
formations as that which took place among
the towering head-dresses of Addison's
days, and to have about as reasonable a
purpose. When the Queen was on the
Clyde last year, finding her face visited too
roughly by the air of our Scottish hills, she
tied her veil under her chin. The action
was natural, and the effect no doubt, in the
circumstances, becoming. The royal cheeks,
warm with health, flushed with womanly
and queenly feeling, and fanned by the wel-
coming breezes of the north, looked almost
as beautiful, we dare say, as the moss-ro-
se. However that may be, before the day was
out, there were hundreds of other cheeks in
the same predicament. The rage of imita-
tion spread. In the shadiest walks, in the
closest streets of the town, in the calmest
and hottest days of the season, the veil was
fashionably tied under the chin. The fash-
ion, however, was in reality made a fashion
only through misapprehension; for the
Queen had merely adopted a temporary ex-
pedient to serve a temporary end, and when
the emergency was over, she no doubt un-
loosed the knot, and gave her veil to the
winds as usual. Her imitators were un-
regarding of circumstances as the very sacra-
mentary monkey which gulped a package
of medicine because he saw his master
swallow a quantity of the same material
previously.

To a silly and panic-like rage of imita-
tion may no doubt, most fashions be traced;
the fear of infringing even a trifling point
in a prevailing usage being perhaps strong-
er than that which makes men avoid the
commission of serious error. And thus
highly artificial states of society, in which
etiquette exercises the chief control, cannot
be said to be favorable to the growth of
moral excellence. We would not, how-
ever, have it thought that there is anything
either blameable or ridiculous—far from it—
in following fashions which are convenient,
becoming, and suitable to general circum-
stances. Every successive generation in-
troduces some species of novelty, which is
an expression of social progress; and in
costumes or customs we may read the moral
history of a country as distinctly as in
its medals and monuments. Fortunately,
the tendency of fashion in our own day
towards simplicity, though in this respect
we are only following the progress which
commenced a generation ago. The imita-
tion which challenges sarcasm is that of the
monkey and the medicine—a fantastic copy-
ing of which is a meanness, and betrays
in this respect it is a meanness, and betrays
as much the want of true dignity as of com-
mon reflection. It is the enemy of fashion
perpetually turning it into ridicule, and
forcing it into a thousand feverish changes
to escape from its persecutions. These
changes are sometimes as comical as were
those of the two fairies in the "Arabian
Nights," who fought through a series of
metamorphoses. We remember the leaders
of ton, some years ago, had recourse to the
expedient of disguising their voices by a
certain dexterous use of the roof of the
mouth. Even this, however, did not baffle
their pursuers; in a very short time the
world of slavish imitators acquired the new
form of speech, and drove invention to new
shifts. At a later epoch some ingenious
persons stuck an eye-glass into their eye,
supporting it by the muscles alone, and
bearing with heretical equanimity the incon-
venience and the ridicule: but this has now
come down to the order of small imitators,
who affect to bask in the sunshine of fash-
ion.

As regards the mass of mankind, imita-
tion is a kind of substitute for principle; and
estimated not in its extreme aspect, until in-
dividuals are better able to direct their own
movements. So many persons are placed
in circumstances adverse to original or in-
dependent thought, that we cannot speak
too flatteringly of efforts at imitation, which
though sometimes grotesque, and possibly
out of place, are in the main respectable,
and significant of a wish for improvement.
On a late occasion, when shown into the
cottage of a rural laborer, we observed with
surprise that a small table was laid out with
books star-fashion, as in the drawing-room
of a city. The effort at gentility was in
itself ludicrous; yet how deserving was it
of commendation, all things considered!
The true way to view such things is to place
them in contrast with that utter disregard of
all the decencies of life which is unhappi-